RETROSPECT.

BY J. C. CLINE.

The sun in his chariot has gone down the west,
The bird on the wing has sank to her rest,
The flowers on the heath have closed their sweet eyes,
And the faraway stars shine bright in the skies.

Now darkness has gathered o'er mountain and plain,
And on the soft breeze comes the night bird's refrain,
While hallowed memories steal o'er the soul,
Awakening emotions we cannot control.

Now memory is busy recalling to life
The pleasures of childhood, of manhood and strife,
Of hopes long deferred, of reverses sustained,
Of trials well borne, of victories gained.

O night, in thy quiet and somber array!
How like to life's journey the last close of day,
When the spirit, grown faint from sorrow and strife,
In silence releases its tenure of life.

But the darkness of night is succeeded by day,
And the gloom of the grave will pass quickly away,
And a crown and rest to the weary ones given,
In the home universal—God's beatiful heaven.

MILTONVALE, Kansas.

HUNTING UP AN HEIR.

BY RUTH CHESTERFIELD.

It was a cold evening. The clouds which had been all day black and threatening were now beginning to send their snow flakes through the air, and John Ratchet was hurrying home to his supper at a headlong pace. John worked in Mr. Armstrong's great iron foundry—at low wages, it is true, but, as John said, "A little is better than nothing."

There had been a strike among the foundry hands, but John took no part in it; he kept steadily on at his work, and tried to persuade others to do the same.

"Times are hard," he said, "but what's the use of making them worse?" And that day when the strikers came in a body, led by Hans Schneider, and attempted to stop the works, John said, "There'll be bloodshed first."

And his former comrades, knowing him for a resolute fellow, after some parleying, concluded to depart, but threatened to return another day with arms in their hands.

"Very well," said John, "we'll be ready for you." They never came, however.

But, as I was saying, John was hurrying along home at the top of his speed, looking neither to the right nor to the left, so that he would not have seen the old man leaning against a lamp-post if he had not first run plump against him, and nearly knocked him over.

"Halloo!—beg pardon! All right now, grandfather!" he exclaimed, as with one strong arm he restored the old man to his center of gravity.

"My stars! I thought you'd finished me," gasped the old man, embracing the lamp-post.

"I came pretty near it, that's a fact," said John. "But seems to me you shouldn't be out such a night as this; your folks ought to take better care of you."

"I haven't any folks," said the old man.

"Well, you'd better be at home any way."

"That's easy said; but I haven't any home either."

"Where are you bound then, grandfather? If your lodgings are near by I'll help you there, for you appear to be about used up."

"So I am; but I haven't a place to lay my head unless you take pity on me."

John hesitated. A strange vagrant wasn't just the most desirable guest, but he was evidently old and feeble, and John's kind heart was touched, so he said: "Well, come along with me. I'll give you a night's lodging, and to-morrow I'll see what can be done."

The old man needed no second invitation, and in a few minutes the two reached John's house. No sooner had he opened the door than five children and a dog rushed to greet him, while his wife, an easy, roly-poly little woman, exclaimed, "Why, John, what makes you so late? Supper's been ready to go on the table these fifteen minutes; the muffins won't be fit to eat."

"I'll risk 'em," said John, laughing. "See here, Debby, I've brought some company home to supper. I found this old gentleman out in the storm, and no better place to bring up at than the lamp-post, so I took him in tow, and here he is."

"He's welcome, I'm sure," said Debby.

"Why, his teeth chatter with the cold—or would if he had any, poor man—and not a bit of an overcoat. No place to go, did you say? Why he'd have frozen to death before morning."

"Aye, and starved too," said the man, looking longingly toward the table.

"To be sure! How thoughtless of me to stand here jabbering when I dare say you didn't have any dinner to speak of."

"I've had nothing to eat for two days, ma'am."

"Mercy on us! And to think such things should happen in a Christian land, John! Isn't it dreadful? Sit right up to the table, Mr.—what did you say his name was, John?"

"My name is Dill—Joshua Dill, ma'am."

"There used to be Dills up in Pasumpsic. I wonder if he's one of 'em?" said Debby.

"Never mind that now," said John; "give the poor man his supper, and you can get his family history afterward."

"Those Dills were sort of relations of mine. It would be funny if he was one of 'em, wouldn't it?" persisted Debby, as she heaped the old man's plate with eatables, which he devoured, unembarrassed by the curious and eager gaze of the five children and the investigations of Ponto, who from the first had regarded the stranger with evident distrust.

For this Ponto probably had no better reason than that the man was poorly clad; for the dog, as you know, is a natural aristocrat, and will drive away the man who approaches your door in rags and a slouched hat, while he suffers the man in broadcloth and a stovepipe to pass unchallenged. Is it that, by some subtle instinct, he divines that rags and filth are not to be the reward of ill-doing, and neatness and thrift the reward of well-doing?

But good little Mrs. Ratchet did not at all sympathize with this view of the case, and rebuked Ponto for his want of hospitality. As a rule, the more wretched a human being was the more she took him into her motherly heart. Accordingly she was greatly delighted when she found that her present guest once had relatives in Pasumpsic, and she and all the five children at once took to calling him "Grandfather Dill."

"Only think, John," said she, when the old man had gone to bed, "he says his folks came from Pasumpsic. No doubt he is some relation to us."

"It must be a great comfort to find yourself fortieth cousin to a tramp," said John.

The next morning Grandfather Dill was so ill from the effects of his exposure that he was unable to rise, and what with the hot herb teas with which Mrs. Ratchet scaled him inside, and the mustard plasters with which she flayed him outside, it was a wonder he ever did rise; but in a few days he was able to sit in the great arm-chair in the corner, and began to talk about resuming his wanderings again.

For this, however, he was manifestly too feeble, and John went to the town authorities to get them to take him off his hands. They all with one accord declared that he was none of their paupers, and that they were already overrun with tramps, and that the only thing they felt justified in doing was to forward him to Littleton, where he stated that he belonged.

But Mrs. Ratchet in her turn was equally decided that he should not be moved in his present condition, and John quite agreed with her. So Grandfather Dill staid on and on till it became evident that he never would take the journey to Littleton, or any other journey but the last long journey which awaits us all.

Meantime, John's conduct elicited various comments from his townspeople—some praised and some blamed.

Hans Schneider said:

"I always thought John was a fool, and now I know it, burdening himself with a pauper in these hard times. He'll come to the poor-house himself yet, see if he don't."

As Grandfather Dill grew weaker he had, or seemed to have, some strange fancies. He often muttered the name of "Prisey," coupled with the words, "She shan't have a cent of it!" And at last one day he asked John to bring a notary to make his will.

"I am going to make it in favor of you and your wife," said he; "you've both been good to me, and she was a Dill, or her mother was; and as for Prisey"——there he stopped.

"Who is Prisey?" asked John.

"Nobody; I don't know any such person. Bring the notary."

At first John put him off, for he did not wish to offend the notary by asking him to come and make a pauper's will; but the old man was so persistent that for the sake of quieting him he finally acceded to his request, and the will was duly made, signed, sealed, and delivered.

"If there is any truth in this, you're a rich man," said the notary to John.

After this Grandfather Dill seemed satisfied, though he failed rapidly; but a few minutes before he died he murmured, "Poor Prisey! Perhaps she wasn't so much to blame, after all."

That the property so liberally bequeathed to him existed anywhere but in Grandfather Dill's imagination John did not believe, and but for the notary would scarcely have given the matter another thought; but the notary said the old man had given the items of the will with great precision, which was in itself an indication of its truthfulness, and that it was very easy to find out whether there was anything in it or not. For his part he thought it worth looking into.

John said it was his opinion that the old man had nothing but the rags on his back, but still, as Mr. Armstrong was about to send him away on a business commission, he could easily take Littleton on his route, thereby "killing two birds with one stone," as he jestingly observed.

To his unbounded surprise, and to the equal surprise of the Littleton people, he ascertained through a lawyer that the seeming pauper was indeed the owner of thousands.

He had no relations in the town, nor was it known that he had any elsewhere. He was not a native of Littleton, however, but had come, it was believed, from Pomfret, so to Pomfret went John.

None of the younger generation remembered any Dills, but some of the older ones knew that there had once been such a family, though they had long since lost all knowledge of them.

"If anybody can tell you about them old Granny Madison can," said the landlord of the Eagle Hotel. "She knows everything. She's a regular 'History of Pomfret' in one volume." And so it proved.

"Do I remember Mr. Dill—Joshua Dill?" said the old lady. "To be sure I do. He was one of our leading citizens once, but after he quarreled with his daughter he was all broken up."

"Then he had a daughter?"

"Yes; a stubborn, headstrong piece as ever lived, and wild and heedless besides. He couldn't do anything with her after her mother died. At last he got so angry at something—I never could find out precisely what—that he scolded her worse than common, and she threatened to go off and leave him to himself. He told her to go if she wanted to, but she should never come back if she did.

"He didn't expect she'd go, but she went, and nobody knows that they ever saw each other again. Mahala Blunt, that kept house for him, told the story, all she knew of it, and she said it was pitiful to see him after she'd gone. He'd steal out to the gate and look up and down the road half a dozen times in an evening, and she knew he was looking for Priscy."

"Prisey?" said John.

"Yes; her name was Priscilla, you know. But Priscy never came, and by and by he seemed to give it up, and after that the only object he had in the world appeared to be to save and hoard money. And it didn't do him any good, either, for he wouldn't even allow himself enough to eat, nor Mahala either. At last she said she couldn't stand it any longer, and she left him, and by and by he sold out and went nobody knows where."

"And the daughter?"

"Oh, most likely she's dead! There's been a good many stories afloat about her, but come to sift them they didn't amount to much."

Then John thanked the old lady for her information, and having in his turn told her what he knew of Mr. Dill took his leave.

When John reported to Mr. Hatch, his lawyer, the very meager information he had gathered at Pomfret that gentleman said: "It isn't of the slightest consequence, sir; all the relations in the world couldn't upset the will, which is perfectly legal."

John smiled. "I suppose the best way to ascertain whether the daughter is living would be to advertise, wouldn't it?" he asked.

"Doubtless it would; but what do you want to ascertain for? You'll only make trouble for yourself."

"It seems to me the right thing to do," said John, "and as I don't understand much about such matters I will get you to attend to it for me, and send me word if you hear anything."

"Of course, I will attend to it if such are your orders; but mind, sir, it is not my advice, and I decline to be held responsible for the consequences."

"I hold no one responsible but myself," said John.

The news of John's fortune reached home before he did, and he at once became a very important personage in the village. Not only did his old friends flock around him with congratulations, but those who had formerly overlooked the poor mechanic entirely suddenly discovered that he was a man of extraordinary merit. Mr. Armstrong expressed joy at his good luck; at the same time he said: "I don't see how I am to get along without you."

"Perhaps you won't have to," said John. "I mean to keep right on with my work at present."

As for Mrs. Ratchet, she declared it was like a fairy story. She would have a new silk dress before another Sunday. "Who would have dreamed when you brought that old man home that it would end like this?"

"It hasn't ended," said John.

"There, that's just like you," said Debby; "you're never excited, whatever happens. Now, I feel just like dancing and clapping my hands."

"And Debby executed a pirouette which was the means of bringing her foot down upon Ponto's tail. He ran under the table with a yelp, and she dragged him out and petted him, saying: "Never mind, Ponto; you shall have a beautiful new collar with a silver label, so you shall."

"Debby," said John, "if anything should happen that this money should turn out not to be ours after all, would it be such a terrible disappointment to you?"

"Oh, John, what do you mean?" said Debby.

"Grandfather Dill had a daughter," said John. "Do you remember his last words?"

"Yes—let me see. He said, 'Poor Priscy! Perhaps she wasn't so much to blame after all!'"

"Well, Priscy was his daughter. If she is alive her father's money is rightfully hers."

"In spite of the will?"

"In spite of the will," said John.

"But she may be dead. I hope she is. O Lordy! I didn't mean to say that." And Debby clapped her hand over her mouth as if to keep back the wicked words. "But to think of being as poor as ever again after all our plans and hopes! Why didn't you tell me there was a doubt about it in the first place?"

"Because you went on so you didn't give me time," said John. "Besides, it isn't really settled that we give up the money even if Priscy is alive."

"How is anybody going to know what you mean?" said Debby, impatiently. "Didn't you just say it was rightfully hers in spite of the will?"

"Yes; and I think it is rightfully, though not legally. Now I am going to leave it for you to decide; but first make the case your own. Suppose your father had left a fortune, and had willed it away from you to comparative strangers?"

"That's what you call leaving it to me to decide," said Debby. "You put it so there's only one thing I can say, and then ask me to decide. Oh, Ponto, Ponto! it's very plain you will never get your new collar, nor I my new silk, after all—not if she's in the world."

"Then you wouldn't like to keep the money from Grandfather Dill's daughter?"

"Of course, I shouldn't. How foolish you do talk, John."

Three months afterward John received a dispatch from Lawyer Hatch which caused him to take a second journey. The advertisement had been answered by a woman who proved herself to be the missing daughter of Grandfather Dill beyond a doubt.

She was a poor widow, and supported herself and a little boy by coarse sewing. A wretched support it afforded her, and she was found living in a tenement attic, with health and spirits broken by misfortune.

She said that she had long since repented her folly in leaving her father, and had once gone back to her early home to be reconciled to him, but the place was then in the hands of strangers. After that she had been unable to learn anything of him, and had believed him long since dead. Such was the story John brought home to his wife.

"I'm sure it was a Providence that led me to run against Grandfather Dill that stormy night," said John; "but for that his daughter would surely have died of her hardships, and the poor little boy would have been left to charity, which was what she most dreaded. But then I suppose there's a Providence in everything."

"He's the strangest man I ever saw," said Lawyer Hatch, speaking of John. "He took as much pains to hunt up an heir to the old man, and to give her the money that was willed to him, as anybody else would to have kept one out of the way."

"I declare, he's a bigger fool than I took him to be!" said Hans Schneider, "and that's saying a good deal."

Perhaps some of my reader will agree with Hans; but many, I know, think as I do, that John was an unconscious hero.

A Colossal Blossom.

In the farthest southeastern island of the Philippine group, Mindinao, upon one of its mountains, Parag, in the neighborhood of the highest peak on the island, the volcano Apo, a party of botanical and geographical explorers found recently at the height of 2,500 feet above the sea level, a colossal flower.

The discoverer, Dr. Alexander Schadenberg, could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw, amid the low-growing bushes the immense buds of this flower, like gigantic brown cabbage heads. But he was still more astonished when he found a specimen in full bloom, a five-petaled flower nearly a yard in diameter—as large as a carriage wheel, in fact. This enormous blossom was borne on a sort of vine creeping on the ground. It was known by the native who accompanied Dr. Shadenburg, who called it bo-o. The party had no scale by which the weight of the flower could be ascertained, but they improvised a swinging scale, using their boxes and specimens as weights. Weighing these when opportunity served, it was found that a single flower weighed over twenty-two pounds.

It was impossible to transport the fresh flower, so the travelers photographed it and dried a number of its leaves by the heat of a fire. Dr. Schadenberg then sent the photographs and dried specimens to the Royal Botanical gardens at Breslau, where the learned director immediately recognized it as a specimen of the rafflesia, a plant formerly discovered in Sumatra and named after the English Governor, Sir Stafford Raffles. The new flower was accordingly named Rafflesia Schadenbergia.

The five petals of this immense flower are oval and creamy white and grow around a center filled with countless long violet-hued stamens, thicker and longer in the female, or fertile flowers, than in the infertile. The fertilization is accomplished by insects, whose larvæ breed in the decaying flesh of its thick petals. The fertile flower develops a soft berry-like fruit, in which countless seeds are embedded. The flower exhales a poisonous gas even when first opened.—*Exchange.*

The Cheerful Darky.

With few exceptions, the waiters in all the great hotels are negroes. You are served slowly, but with intelligence and politeness. No "duchesses" in the great cities of the North or the fashionable resorts of the South.

Those good negroes have such cheerful, open faces! They seem so glad to be alive, and they look so good-natured that it does one good to see them. When they look at one another they laugh. When you look at them they laugh. If a negro sees another negro more black than himself he is delighted; he calls him "darky," and looks on him in a patronizing way. Their great dark eyes, that show the whites so when they roll them in their own droll fashion; the two rows of white teeth constantly on view, framed in thick retrousse lips; the swaying manner of walking, with turned-out toes and head thrown back; the musical voice, sweet, but sonorous, and so pleasing compared to the horrible twang of the lower class people in the North, all make up a picturesque whole. You forget the color and fall to admiring them.

And how amusing they are!

At the Everett Hotel, Jacksonville, Fla., I one day went to the wrong table.

"You've come to de wrong table, sah," said the attendant darky. Then, indicating the negro who served at the next table, he added: "Dat's de gentleman dat waits on you, sah."

I immediately recognized my "gentleman" and changed my seat. The fact is that all the negroes are alike at a glance. It requires as much perspicacity to tell one from another as it does to distinguish one French gendarme from another French gendarme. —"*Jonathan and His Continent*," *Max O'Rell.*

Washing Out the Stomach.

A medical journal reports that the young men of Washington, when invited out to dinner, carry the preparations of their toilet so far as to wash out their stomachs with a stomach pump. Of this the *Record* remarks: "It might even be regarded as an act of courtesy to the host to bring to his table a stomach that has been scientifically laundried, and which lies in neat and antiseptic emptiness folded beneath the diaphragm." The *British Medical Journal* favors cleansing the stomach before meals in a less vigorous or heroic fashion, viz.: By drinking freely of water. Of this it says: "It washes away the mucus which is secreted during the intervals of repose and favors peristalsis of the whole alimentary tract. The membrane thus cleansed is in a much better condition to receive food when converted into soluble compounds. Food coated with tenacious mucus matter must necessarily be slow of digestion, and so especially in the morning before breakfast a good glass of water makes a hygienic preparation for breakfast."—*Foote's Health Monthly.*

Not Afraid of the Sun.

A bright youth, undergoing examination a few days since for admission to one of the Government departments, found himself confronted with the question, "What is the distance from the earth to the sun?" Not having the exact number of miles with him, he wrote in reply: "I am unable to state accurately, but don't believe the sun is near enough to interfere with a proper performance of my duties if I get the clerkship."—*Washington Critic.*

LONDON'S police force numbers 14,257 men.

LIFE OF A GREAT ACTOR.

THE EARLY YEARS AND LATER TRIUMPHS OF EDWIN BOOTH.

Though the Acknowledged Leading Stage Artist of America, He Has Never Created a Part—His Genius Came by Inheritance—Reminiscences.

WHEN Mme. Ristori bade farewell to America, upon the occasion of her last visit to these shores, in a picturesque and passionate portrayal of Lady Macbeth the event was signalized by the appearance of Edwin Booth in conjunction with the illustrious Italian. They had had but one rehearsal, and that an imperfect and hurried one, yet they played together in exquisite harmony, like the two great artists they were. Ristori was delighted. When the final curtain fell she rushed up to Booth, kissed him on both cheeks, thanked him effusively for the pleasure he had given her, and alluded gracefully in her softly accented English to the marriage of the tragedian's daughter, which had just taken place in Boston.

"Madame," said Booth, in grave and courteous tones, as he bowed his farewell, "I would that fate could promise me that one day I might have the happiness of playing with you in the Eternal City."

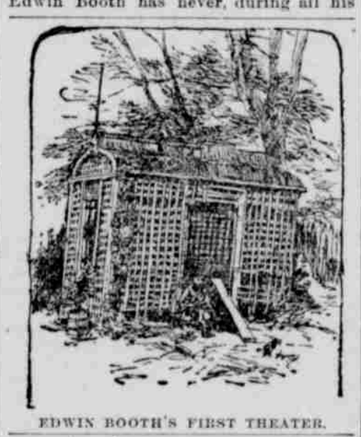
Evidently he did not feel that fate could promise that, nor even a much longer extended artistic career in this, his own land; for, though Booth is only

THE BOOTH HOME IN BALTIMORE.

54 years old, it is no secret that he contemplates retiring from the stage in the very fullness of his powers.

How varied, how impressive, how noble those powers are, the generation that has seen him as Hamlet and Bertuccio can testify. Yet Edwin Booth is not, as he is sometimes called, a "student," or "scholar." That is to say he does not spend all his time off the stage in libraries, nor does he write superfluous commentaries, nor yet enter upon psychological discussions and analyses of the characters which he portrays. His genius is inherited, and, supplemented with the rarest physical gifts, has been developed by lifelong practical association with the highest kind of dramatic work. Besides his early training, he has from the elder Booth the face and bearing of a Spanish prince, and a tinge of the melancholy Dane implanted deeply in his character.

Energy and originality are so far from being component parts of his genius that Edwin Booth has never, during all his



EDWIN BOOTH'S FIRST THEATER.

career, brought out a new dramatic work or "created" a part. Probably his nearest approach to such a venture was made some twenty years ago. The new play was a poetical tragedy entitled, "The Blind Wife," written and published by Thomas Powell, a literary Englishman, whose name figures in Allibone's Dictionary as the author of a dozen or so of books. If "The Blind Wife" had been put on the stage, Mary McVicker would have taken the part of the heroine. Mr. Booth had studied his part, and rehearsals had actually begun, when his misgivings grew too strong for him, and he said to Mr. Powell: "I am afraid to undertake it after all." So the piece was paid for and shelved. He had never played a part without being great in it, and the risk would have been too serious.

I have spoken of Edwin Booth's early training, under the care of Junius Brutus

MR. BOOTH AS "HAMLET."

Booth, the elder. But there was no "infant phenomenon" silliness in the matter. Edwin was born on the Belair farm, twenty-five miles from Baltimore, but most of his boyhood was spent at his father's town residence—a substantial three-story brick building, which stands unchanged to-day—60 Exeter street. In the back-yard stood, and still stands, in the ruined condition shown in the picture, a spacious arbor, or summer-house. Edwin and his brothers ingeniously transformed this into a theater, where, assisted by the future comedian, John S. Clarke, they performed before select juvenile audiences classic and romantic dramas, with the female element rigorously eliminated. If the elder Booth, as has been suspected, felt a pride in this early outcropping of the dramatic instinct in his son, he studiously concealed it; and it was not until years afterward, when Edwin Booth, in playing Hamlet and Richard III., before he was twenty, had given definite promise of the triumphs he has since attained, that the father told him to his face that "he would do."

The popular impression is that Mr. Booth's power as an actor is a matter of inheritance, and not the result of hard work. Nothing could be farther from the truth! Mr. Booth has been one of the most industrious men in the dramatic profession, and he refers with pride to the time when, in the days of barn-storming on the Western frontiers, he used to hang his own posters and sell the tickets at the door. His Hamlet is a master-piece of dramatic characterization. The accompanying picture is from a recent photograph, and illustrates one of the most impressive passages in his acting of the part. He is much engrossed in the book, and when asked what he is reading, he answers: "Words, words, words."

BOOKS BY MEASURE.

BY SUSIE ANTROBUS.

ELABORATE and extensive were the furnishings of Tim Vernor's new house. In his occupation as lumberman he had by a lucky speculation suddenly acquired a vast fortune, and he and his family were immediately affected with a mania to possess the finest place in the town. Their walls were covered with pictures selected by a connoisseur, while Tim Vernor willingly paid the required price for his Rembrandts and Bougereaus, although he could not tell one from the other and vaguely wondered why they were so expensive. He was like many other rich men who, believing it the proper thing to do, decorate their houses with rare and costly ornaments and works of art, the efforts of other men's genius, but failed to consider that his beautiful treasures would attract but not retain guests.

Finally, at the suggestion of a professional house-furnisher, he decided to have a library. One morning he hurried away from his residence with a business-like air and walked rapidly down the principal thoroughfare until he came to the largest bookstore. Here he stopped and went in. The clerks were busy, so he employed his time glancing around at the well-filled shelves of reading matter. He was an oldish man, decidedly below the medium height, and what ill-natured people would call fat. His round face was red and shining, and undeniably good-humored in expression in spite of his generally tubbish aspect. Although it was early in the fall, he wore an immense fur-lined overcoat which almost touched the floor and increased his portly dimensions. He was altogether an object of decided interest, and it was not long before one of the clerks came to wait on him.

"I'm after a library," he said to the smiling young fellow. "What do you charge for those?" pointing with a gold-headed cane to a certain section of elaborately bound books.

"Three dollars a volume," replied the clerk, promptly. "They are all copies of 'Don Quixote' in holiday covers."

"How much will you take for the lot?" still pursued Tim Vernor.

The clerk looked puzzled. "But they are all the same," he urged.

"No matter," responded the gentleman in search of a library. "The bindings are the finest I see, and mother and the girls said, 'Be sure to get fancy covers,' so I guess they'll do if they'll fit the space."

With difficulty the clerk stifled a laugh, while the rich lumberman fumbled in his pockets and presently brought out a soiled scrap of paper.

"Here it is," he said, smiling; "two sets of 6x9 feet. I'll take those books, young man, if they fit the place, and the next section also. I guess they are about the same. How pretty those blue covers are, and the yellow ones will offset them so nice! Just measure them, please."

A Cool Request.

A well-known farmer from Fauquier County, Virginia, appeared at the Surgeon-General's office in Washington and demanded a pension, as he was an honorably discharged Confederate soldier. He said as the Republicans were again in power he knew he would get it, as they were more favorable to granting pensions than the Democrats. He was passed along to another office.

"HERE'S a curious study in figures," said the expert accountant. "Multiply the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, by 45 and we get this result: 5,555,555,505. Reverse the figures thus: 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, and use the same multiplier, and we get another curious string, as follows: 444,444,444,445. Taking the same figures as a multiplicand and reversing the figures 45, 54, we get an equally curious result: 6,666,666,606. Again reversing the multiplicand and using the same multiplier, makes the sum total of all 3s except the first and last figures, to wit: 5,333,333,334. You will perceive that the first and last figures put together make 54, the multiplier. Take the half of 54, 27, or reverse 2 and 7 and use it as a multiplier, and the result will be just as astonishing, all 6s or 1s. There is a witchery in these figures that I can't understand; can you?"

A FRENCH savant, in a curious investigation, has discovered that red has been the most prominent color in literature from the time of Lucian to the present day. Writers show a marked tendency to discover red things, for the reason that blue in nature is not very conspicuous, and yellow, though more common in flowers, has a tendency to lose its individuality in whiteness; but red is so conspicuous because of its contrast to green, which is the preponderating color in nature.

PRESIDENT HARRISON (to his tailor)—Please make this coat without buttonholes.